

TV Show 70

Chapter 70: A Mistake Every Man Makes

Monday.

Class day.

"Adam, you really moved out," Ted said enviously. "You must be loaded."

He didn't even have enough money to get a hotel room to escape Matthew, let alone afford to rent a place long-term.

"It's my friend's apartment," Adam explained with a smile. "She inherited it from her grandmother, so the rent is super cheap."

The rental market in the U.S. is quite structured—once a lease is signed, annual rent increases cannot exceed 2%, which is significantly lower than market rates.

Monica's grandmother had been living there for decades, and with such small annual increases over so many years, the rent was far below the market price.

As Chandler once put it, "The rent is so cheap it's practically robbing the landlord."

However, if the lease expires or a new tenant moves in, the accumulated advantage of the lower rent disappears, and the new tenant has to pay market rates.

So, even though Monica's grandmother no longer lived there, Monica kept the lease under her grandmother's name. Otherwise, she wouldn't be able to afford such a large and nice apartment.

"She?" Ted's eyes widened. "OMG! Adam, you're living with a girl? Is it the same one you brought to the welcome party?"

"It's a roommate situation, not cohabitation," Adam corrected him. "And no, it's not her—just another friend."

"Yeah, right," Ted teased. "A guy and a girl living together? Even if you're not together now, you will be soon. Right, Matthew?"

"Depends," Matthew said, pretending to analyze the situation. "Adam, is your roommate hot?"

"Uh..." Adam hesitated.

He genuinely had no interest in Monica, but he couldn't just say she wasn't attractive either.

"I think the jury has reached a verdict," Matthew smirked. "I now declare Ted the winner!"

As a future Supreme Court justice, Matthew was already fascinated by law and often spoke like a lawyer in daily conversations.

"Yes!" Ted high-fived Matthew.

Adam shook his head helplessly, letting Ted and Matthew joke around. He didn't even bother defending himself—time would prove his innocence.

"Wow! Look over there—that's the famous architect, John Coleman!"

As the three of them walked toward the classroom, Ted suddenly pointed excitedly at a middle-aged man in the distance.

"Come on, let's go get his autograph!"

Before Adam or Matthew could protest, Ted dragged them over.

Like Adam and Matthew, Ted had a clear goal in college: he wanted to become a renowned architect.

"Hello, Mr. Coleman! My name is Ted Mosby. I'm a student at the School of Architecture. It's an honor to meet you—you're my idol!" Ted gushed.

"Nice to meet you, Ted," John Coleman replied with a polite smile.

"Are you here to give a lecture?" Ted asked curiously. "I didn't see any announcements."

"Yes," John replied. "There should have been a notice."

"Ted," Matthew whispered, tugging at his sleeve. "We partied too hard the other night—we probably missed it."

Adam sighed. These two were always doing their own thing, goofing off, completely oblivious to any sense of decorum. It was hard to believe they were future professionals—one a famous architect and the other a New York Supreme Court judge.

But then again, successful people often looked polished and sophisticated in public. Behind closed doors, they were just like everyone else—swearing, joking, and messing around with their friends.

Ted sheepishly asked for the lecture time and promised to attend. He also got an autograph before they left.

The Next Day

On their way to class again, Ted sighed enviously.

"Mr. Coleman is incredible. Not only is he a famous architect, but he's also handsome, elegant, and approachable. You guys should've seen how many girls were surrounding him after the lecture, asking him for advice. If I could be like that one day, I'd be satisfied."

"You'll get there," Adam teased. "Just be careful—relationships between students and professors can be risky."

"What's the big deal?" Ted shrugged. "As long as no one reports it, it's fine. Besides, doesn't that make it even more exciting?"

Adam just chuckled and dropped the subject.

This kind of thing was pretty common in American TV shows.

For example, in the future, when Ross became a professor, he dated one of his students. But he was always sneaking around, terrified of getting caught. There was even a scene where he ran into a colleague while shopping and instinctively shoved his girlfriend away in a panic.

Because if someone reported him, he'd definitely get fired.

On the other hand, researchers like Sheldon, Leonard, and Raj didn't teach classes, so even if they dated graduate students, it was perfectly acceptable.

Of course, that came with another challenge—they actually had to be able to talk to women.

Which was why Raj was probably crying in a bathroom somewhere.

That Night

****New York University Medical Center****

"Doctor! Doctor!"

A frantic voice rang out as a middle-aged man rushed in, carrying a pregnant woman in his arms.

"Quick! Get her to the emergency room!"

The nurse immediately noticed the blood soaking the woman's lower half. Her expression changed as she called for Adam and helped push a gurney toward them. After placing the woman onto the bed, they rushed her to the emergency room.

The moment she disappeared behind the doors, the middle-aged man collapsed onto the ground in despair, completely silent.

"Mr. Coleman?"

Adam suddenly recognized him—it was John Coleman, Ted's idol, the famous architect they had met just days before.

But now, there was no trace of his previous elegance or charm.

John looked up at Adam, his face stiffening. He forced a weak smile, clearly recognizing Adam as well, but he said nothing.

Sensing the situation, Adam quietly stepped away.

Back at the front desk, it didn't take long for gossip to spread throughout the hospital, confirming Adam's suspicions.

"What a scumbag. His wife was pregnant, and he still cheated? Ended up causing her to have a miscarriage."

"Men like that are the worst."

"Ugh, typical!"

A group of nurses gathered, all venting their frustration—including the male nurses.

Being a nurse was often physically demanding, so male nurses had an advantage. But since very few men wanted to become nurses, hospitals in the U.S. relied heavily on strong, no-nonsense Black women, who dominated the profession.

Even if this kind of behavior wasn't outright illegal, the moment the nurse squad decided to roast someone, the few male nurses in the mix had no choice but to agree.

"As expected," Adam thought to himself.

A successful middle-aged man with wealth, status, and experience was bound to attract attention. Plenty of women were into older men—Monica being a prime example.

John Coleman, once the perfect gentleman, had made a mistake every man was capable of making.